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OVER-KIND AND CARELESS PARENTS.—HOW TO CURE A BAD HABIT.—THE INQUISITIVE CHILD.—THE RIGHT WAY WITH MALICE AND MISCHIEF.

THE LITTLE  
VICES

The question is the means; for surely it is easy enough to influence a child if you know the way. Some bright light has been thrown on this important subject by Miss Charlotte M. Mason in the series of books known as the Home Education Series, another volume of which was published recently. She lays great stress on the fact that it is the parent's business to train their children, and there is no one else to whom it can safely be entrusted. A child of two, as most mothers know, must already have had some training—though chiefly negative—in "being good"—but even that age the foundation can be laid of right learning and right thinking. Miss Mason's views on the training of young children are very suggestive, and from the volumes that comprise the series (published by Kegan Paul and Co. at 6s. 6d. each) we propose to quote a few passages during the next few days.

NINE RULES  
FOR PARENT

"FOURTH.—But the only way to secure this pause is to introduce some new habit as attractive to the child as is the wrong habit you set yourself to cure.

AN INQUISITIVE  
GIRL.

the servants speak to each other as prying and poking. Is her mother engaged in a talk with a visitor or the nurse—behold, she is at her side sprung from nobody knows where. Is a confidential letter being written out—Susie is within earshot. Does the mother think the child away at a certain book where the children are not to find it—Susie volunteers to produce it. Does she tell her husband that cook has asked for two days' leave of absence—up jumps Susie with all the ins and outs of the case.

"Regarding this tiresome curiosity as the defect of its quality, the mother casts

"For weeks together see that Susie's mind is too full of large matters to entertain the small ones; and, once the inquisitive habit has been checked, encourage the child's active mind to definite progressive work on

the foundation can be  
of and right thinking.

odious custom, so constant, that it is his  
quality, will be his character, if you let  
him alone; he is spiteful, he is sly, he is  
sullen. No one is to blame for it; it was  
born in him. What are you to do with  
such an inveterate habit of nature? Just  
this—treat it as a bad habit, and set up  
the opposite good habit.

A MALICIOUS  
CHILD.

"Henry is more than mischievous; he is a malicious little boy. There are always tears in the nursery, because, with pinches, nips, and bobs, he is making some child wretched. Even his pets are not safe; he has done his canary to death by poking at it with a stick through the bare of its cage; howl from his dog, screeches from his cat, betrays him in some vicious trick. He makes fearful faces at his timid little sister; sets traps with string for the housemaid with her water-cans to fall over; there is no end to the malicious

**SPECIAL  
TREATMENT.**

"But one habit drives out another. Lay new lines in the old place. Open avenues of kindness for him. Let him enjoy, daily, hourly, the pleasure of pleasing. Get him into the way of making little plots for the pleasure of the rest—a plaything of his contriving, a dish of strawberries of his gathering, shadow rabbits to amuse the baby; take him on kind errands to poor neighbours, carrying and giving of his own

AND ITS  
RESULTS.

"For a whole month the child's who heart is flowing out in deeds and schem and thoughts of loving-kindness, and t ingenuity which spent itself in malicio

"Yes; but where is his mother to get time in these encroaching days to put Henry under special treatment? She has other children and other duties, and simply cannot give herself up for a month or week to one child. If the boy were ill, however, would she find time for him the

Would not other duties go to the wall, and leave her little son, for the time, her chief object in life?

"Here is a point all parents are not enough awake to—that serious mental and moral ailments require prompt, purposeful, curative treatment, to which the parents must devote themselves for a short time just as they would to a sick child. Neither punishing him nor letting him alone—that two lines of treatment most in favour—evaded a child of any moral evil."

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To-morrow another book in this interesting series will be dealt with on this page.

To-morrow another book in this interesting series will be dealt with on this page.

THE anonymous contributor in "Blackwood's Magazine" continues in this month's number his recollection of "Old Galway Life." One of the many stories concerns a ghost—a vague white form which flitted about a small neglected graveyard, much to the alarm of those who lived near by.

One of the gentlemen of our party undertook to lay the unquiet spirit, and going out not far from midnight did indeed soon become aware of a white figure looming towards him through the darkness. Our friend, however, held on his way until

hood is of the wedding of our nurse. She had come to us from a distant part of the county, and on going up to the nurse, one morning I found her in floods of tears. "My father's sent a strange man to marry me, miss," she sobbed.

I promptly advised that she should refuse to be married, and stay on with us; but she only answered hopelessly, "Sure, I must do as I'm bid."

I escorted our faithful handmaiden to the chapel, all weeping in sympathy with her, while she wept more unrestrainedly than all the rest. The bridegroom—a shy, loutish countryman, who kept at a respectful distance as we walked along—did not appear to be in any way troubled by the fact, which he was the

party assembled at the chapel the bridegroom failed to appear. After waiting long and vainly for the laggard, emissaries were despatched to his abode to hasten his coming. They found him snugly ensconced in bed.

"Sorra foot do I stir out of this," said the prospective Benedict, "unless the fortune-teller's nulled."

For an hour and more intermediaries ran backwards and forwards between the chapel and the bridegroom's dwelling, striving to make terms, while the bride waited at the altar with such patience as she could muster. The bridegroom, however, stood, or rather lay, firm, and at last the father, unwilling that his daughter

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P. 13.

It is the bad habit usually arises from the defect of some quality in the child, who knows his child's character, to introduce the contrary good habit.

"SIXTH.—Take a moment of happy confidence between parent and child; introduce, by tale or example, the stimulating idea; get the child's will with you.

"SEVENTH.—Do not tell him to do the new thing, but quietly and cheerfully see that he does it on all possible occasions, for weeks if need be, all the time stimulat-

## "Miss Yes and No." The Woman Who Loves to be Loved.

WHEN a man makes a proposal of marriage which is rejected the choice is open to him whether to accept such rejection as final and go his way to seek "fresh woods and pastures new," or to try again, hoping that, after the manner accredited to womankind, the lady of his heart may change her mind and her "nay" into "yes."

If he is really and truly in earnest and feels sure that she is the one and only woman in the world for him, he should weigh the rejection carefully and find out for himself whether her refusal does not veil an invitation to persevere. There is an old saying that a woman's "no" often means "yes," and the lover who fails to take this phase of feminine character into consideration sometimes does so to his own and the lady's lasting regret.

It frequently happens that the woman who refuses the first time consents willingly upon the second or third. Nor is the reason for this far to seek.

In the first place, when a woman is in doubt as to the state of her own feelings, is halting between two opinions as to the acceptance of an offer, she is much more likely to say "no" than "yes." To this there are many exceptions. There are women

who "yes" tentatively, wishing to keep hold of an admirer until someone better appears; women who like to drag their captives at their chariot wheels, and who think always that an engagement is not binding upon a woman unless she so desires.

The woman who answers with a negative which is half meant does so believing that if her suitor means what he says he will not accept dismissal without making an effort to reverse her decision. In the days of our foremothers any woman who accepted a lover on the first time of asking was held to be sadly lacking in a proper sense of her own value.

### WHEN FICKLE MEN MARRY.

The average man marries about the fifth or sixth woman to whom he takes a fancy. There have been something less than a half-dozen charmers, each of whom has been for a time the one and only woman worth while in all the world. But he has married another after all, and it is probably quite as well for all the paragons and himself. It is not only women who are fickle.

Still, a man who is really in love will be wise to persevere, with discretion. All women love to be loved, and he who can convince anyone whose heart is not already pre-empted of his own undying devotion to

cause. We saw the bridal pair duly married, and they forthwith departed on foot together. I never heard of our devoted Mary again.

I also remember, says the same writer, the marriage of the daughter of a well-to-do shopkeeper in the town of Galway. The father of the bride was considered to be decidedly close-fisted. The bridegroom, as well as I remember, was of a station somewhat superior to that of the family he proposed to ally himself with. The wedding-day came, but when the bridal

When the imposing pile was little more than roofed in, the walls being only covered with their first coating of rough, criss-cross plaster, the lady, unable to restrain her impatience any longer, gave a house-warming—an entertainment that lasted three days and three nights without intermission, and to which the whole of the county Galway were invited. Guests were put up in the unfinished bedrooms, on the stairs, in any nook or corner which could be made to serve. Others, who could not secure even such accommodation, slept in their carriages drawn up outside in the yards and shrubberies, while the remainder drove in and out of Galway for occasional periods of rest.

On the second night of the festivity, in the hurry and scurry of getting supper ready for the numerous company, a luckless kitchenmaid missed her footing and fell from top to bottom of the stone kitchen-stairs. She was taken up dead, but the major-domo deeming it a pity that the revels of the quality should be cut short, allowed no word of the disaster to be breathed above-stairs. He had a grave hastily dug under the stairs, in which the hapless girl was laid, while the dancing went on uninterruptedly overhead. The cost of the house-warming having well-nigh ruined the ambitious dame and her docile spouse, the mansion remained in its unfinished condition for many a long year, and eventually passed into other hands.

Wynter turned, staring across the orchard. The phrase seemed curiously apposite to that memory in his mind of a figure lying on a white bearskin rug—a man "risen from the dead!"

Both he and Miriam had been convinced that the man they had found there was dead—and dead from causes that seemed to hint at foul play. It could not have been the Prince they had found lying there; whatever the clue of the mystery was it could not have been Miriamoff. Miriamoff was alive and writing to Constance Warrington.

"And there's a postscript all about you, Miriam," went on Mrs. Warrington. "This is what the Prince says."

But Miriam had snatched the letter from her sister's hands; and her eyes glanced feverishly over the lines traced in the familiar cramped writing, altered slightly by the obvious weakness of the hand that had guided the pen:

"You will graciously convey to your sister, Mrs. Kindersley, my profound remembrances. Unavoidable circumstances called me unexpectedly and at an instant's notice from your charming country; but will you tell your sister I promise to myself in the future the felicity to resume the threads of our friendship where they were so abruptly dropped?"

Miriam read the words with a paling face. They conveyed no significance to Constance, but for her they seemed charged with a subtle, deliberate meaning. The thought of this man, whom she had tricked, stooping to an unworthy means of outwitting him for which she had despised herself, seemed to rise suddenly like a menace to her happiness.

"Miriam, what does the Prince mean by saying—"

"I don't want to speak about Prince Sergius at all," Miriam flashed out in sudden vehemence, her nerves rasped beyond endurance. "He was always a favourite of yours, not of mine. I disliked him, and I should be glad never to hear his name again."

She was suddenly conscious of Wynter's eyes bent upon her in a puzzled way at this outburst. She controlled herself with an effort and forced a smile.

"He's such a tiresome man, Prince Sergius," she told him. "His pet vanity is that no woman can resist his fascination."

(See next page for continuation.)

## THE ANGEL OF TROUBLE.

By META SIMMINS and SIDNEY WARWICK.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

MIRIAM KINDERSLEY, a strikingly beautiful woman, whose husband was killed by Sir John Wynter in a struggle on the veranda of the latter's bungalow in India. Miriam loved Wynter, and was engaged to him before she married Kindersley. Now that she is free again she tries to revive Wynter's love.

SIR JOHN WYNTER, a handsome young man, who loved Miriam Kindersley in the past. He now loves Olive Chartres.

OLIVE CHARTRES, a pretty, charming girl. She has accepted Wynter's proposal of marriage.

PAUL MARRABLE, a millionaire, who wishes to marry Olive, and tried to separate her and Wynter.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—Continued.

Wynter and Miriam.

Wynter and Miriam walked through the orchard, where the russets were ripening on the trees—an orchard that had been growing nearly a century, with grey, old medlars and an ancient mulberry tree among whose twisted branches Wynter had long ago, when he was a boy, fashioned a seat. It still looked as serviceable as ever, though it was inaccessible now to Miriam, whatever it had been in those days of short frocks, as she laughingly told Wynter now. Beyond the orchard was a plantation of pine trees with branches laden with cones. "Isn't it like slipping back into one's past, Jack?" she cried suddenly. "Doesn't every step make one remember things?"

He nodded. A queer rush of recollections had swept over him too, and he was not insensible to their appeal.

"I don't think I have ever loved the old place so much as I love it now," she went on, "coming back to it after—after all that has happened that we want to forget you and I—that we can forget and put utterly behind us, Jack, can't we?"

The woman added with a wistfulness in her voice, looking up into his face, as they lingered under the trees, with the soft

(DRAMATIC, TRANSLATION & ALL OTHER RIGHTS RESERVED.)

September sunlight falling through the tangled boughs where they stood.

She saw the shadow that suddenly crossed his face, and the moment the words were uttered she regretted fiercely the impulse that had prompted them. As though challenging some thought she read on his face, she cried:

"We can, Jack, we can! Oh, you don't know how much I want to be happy—love and happiness and peace, how I crave for them! And here I have been telling myself they are all within my grasp once more. I won't let them go again as I once did, Jack! You mustn't shake my belief in the dream I cling to—you mustn't, Jack!"

For an instant he did not speak. Eighteen months ago he had stood here in this orchard, and the greatest joy life held had seemed bound up with this woman, whose voice, low and passionate, was in his ears now.

But that was eighteen months ago; and now there was another woman's face that stole between him and the irrevocable obligation of that unsundered claim, to fill him with a sense of irreparable loss. It was only the second-best that was possible for him now. Only there was an appeal in her wistful look that moved him, and he answered:

"Dear, we found them—love and happiness—waiting for us here once, and it is we who have strayed away, not they. Are we not coming back to them already?"

She did not suspect the evasiveness in his answer.

"I should like to tell dad soon about our secret," Miriam said presently. "He will be so glad, I know, for he thinks so much of you, Jack. Just dad—I don't want Connie to know yet; Connie and I never hit it off together, somehow. But I should like dad to know."

She remembered how Connie had done all she could to bring her and Prince Sergius Murinoff together.

All the horror of that night, when she had gone to the Prince's rooms, had repeated itself again and again in Miriam's thoughts, like a strange, inconsequent dream. It had left the dregs of fear in her mind. She had been so utterly convinced that he was dead—the man to whom she had played that desperate, despicable role that she felt had stained her—and to learn the next day that he had gone abroad. There was something uncanny about it all to lead keen edge to her tears.

She had an almost superstitious dread that Murinoff might come into her life again, to threaten the peace and happiness of which she had spoken. She had tricked that she had been fooling him, though he had gone away with such unexpected suddenness. She knew his vindictive nature—perhaps he was meditating some trick in return. If only she could have confided to the man she loved this fear and horror that had followed the events of that night—only that she felt to be impossible. John Wynter must never know of that visit to the Prince's rooms.

His voice drew her out of these momentary thoughts.

"I will tell your father to-day, if you like, Miriam."

No; I'll tell him, Jack. I think he guesses already. I should like him to hear our news from me."

"Here is your sister," he said, suddenly, looking past her.

Miriam turned, to see Constance Warrington coming towards them with a letter in her hand.

"I wonder what Connie's news is that she is burning to tell us?" Miriam said, as they strolled forward to meet her. "It can't be that poor Charlie has gone at last—but I don't know anything else that would make her so excited," she added, rather maliciously.

Mrs. Warrington came up to them breathless.

She shook hands with Wynter, and said, "How do you do?" and poured out her news almost in one and the same breath.

"Miriam, whom do you think I've had a letter from this morning?" she cried.

"The poor Prince!"

Miriam's face went a shade paler. Her sister's words had come like a startling echo of her own thoughts of a minute ago.

"From Prince Sergius, do you mean?" she said in a stifled voice.

Wynter noticed with a little surprise how startled she seemed. The mention of the name brought a jarring recollection to him.

"Yes; I wrote to him in the Paris hospital, offering my condolences," went on Mrs. Warrington, "and he tells me that I am the first person he has written to since the first time he was badly injured. He must have been badly smashed up, poor fellow!—he speaks of himself so pathetically, as feeling like one risen from the dead."

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(See next page for continuation.)

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